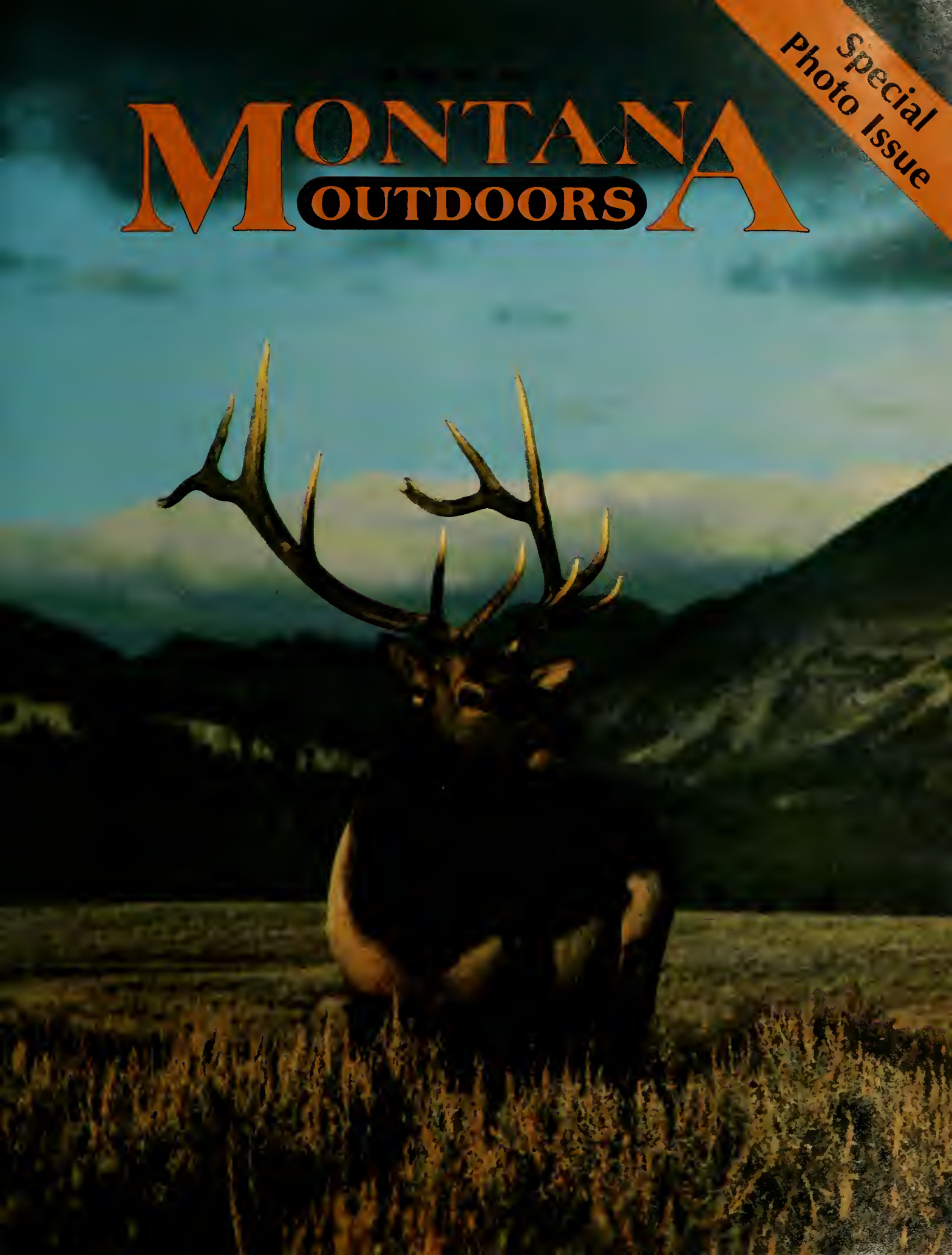
Special
Photo Issue
MONTANA
OUTDOORS

MONTANA OUTDOORS

Jan./Feb. 1985, Vol. 16, No. 1
(USPS 360 280)

Autumn sunset: Fred J. King

Front cover: Ron Shade (elk)
Inside front cover: Gary D. Holmes (mountain goat)
Back cover: John Warden (mallard)

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Every year for the past four we have asked Montana's finest wildlife and nature photographers to contribute to our Special Photo Issue. And every year the pictures submitted have exceeded our expectations. Naturally, selecting the photos is a very pleasant task, but also a bit painful, because we can publish only a fraction of the many fine entries we receive.

Each year we have also added a limited amount of text to accompany the photos. This has not been as easy as it might seem, for the pictures almost challenge the words to meet their excellence. In past years, the words have met the challenge and the two art forms have merged, each enhancing the other. We believe this year is no exception.

We are grateful to two sources for the poems appearing in this issue: to Lynn Schwanke who gathers material for the Missoulian's "Bulletin Board" section, and to the Montana Arts Council and its Poets & Writers in Schools/Communities Programs. From the latter, we used the following collections of student poetry: "Fields with No Fences" (1983-84), "Waiting for the Moment to Explode" (1982-83), "I Didn't Say That" (1981-82), and "The Stream Invents A Smile" (1979-80).

Most of all, however, we are grateful to the poets whose talents are showcased in this issue. We hope these words from the hearts of young Montanans, combined with the photos of Montana's outdoor splendors, will fill your cup to overflowing.—*Montana Outdoors* staff

Untitled

This is the
only earth
we are going to get.

How strange to
stare straight up
into the stars
and think of
all the worlds
going about their
way.

—Dana Rowe, Paris Gibson Jr. High, Great Falls, 1981-82

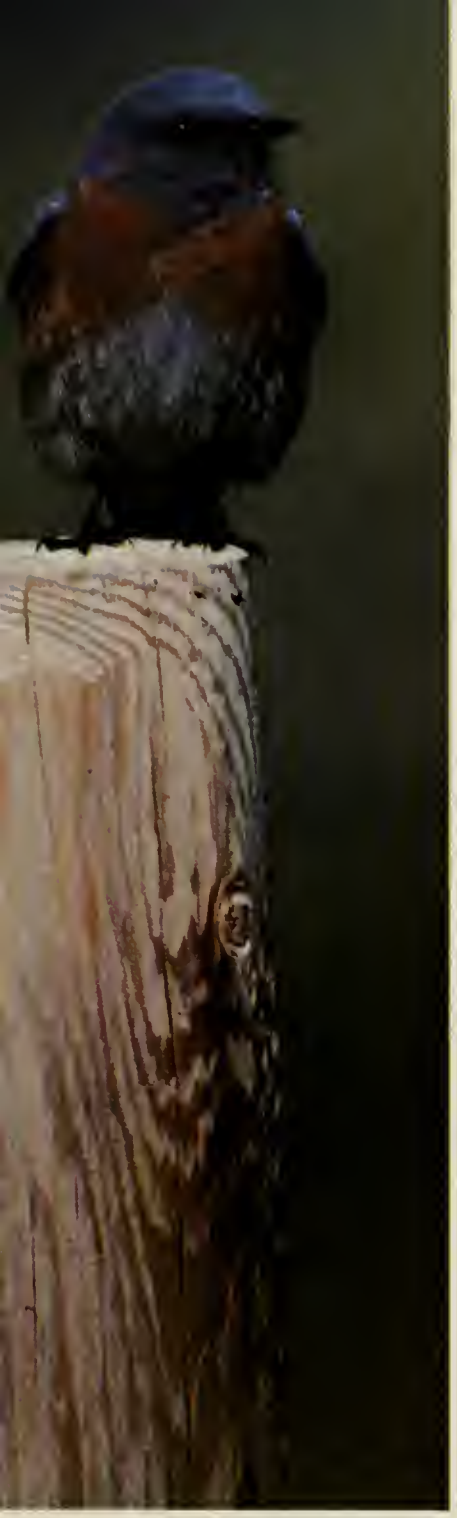
Mount St. Nicholas: Joyce Clarke Turvey
St. Paul Peak, Cabinet Mountains: Peter Kagan

Autumn forest floor: George B. Kirsch
Western bluebird: Allen Corneliusen
Blue-eyed grass: Steve Wirt

The Forest

As I walk through the forest
in the summer I see moss on the rocks
and I hear the rocks crack.
But in the winter I go through the blue snow.
And in the fall I hear all of my footsteps
going crunch, crunch on the dried leaves.
But most of all I like it in the spring
all the moss and flower buds,
how the snow fades away.

—Kristin Stine,
Bigfork Elementary,
1981-82



Owls

Owls are as gray as bark
on a cottonwood tree.
Owls look at you like
your mom and dad do when
you are in trouble.

—Jason Smith, Grandey School, Terry, 1983-84

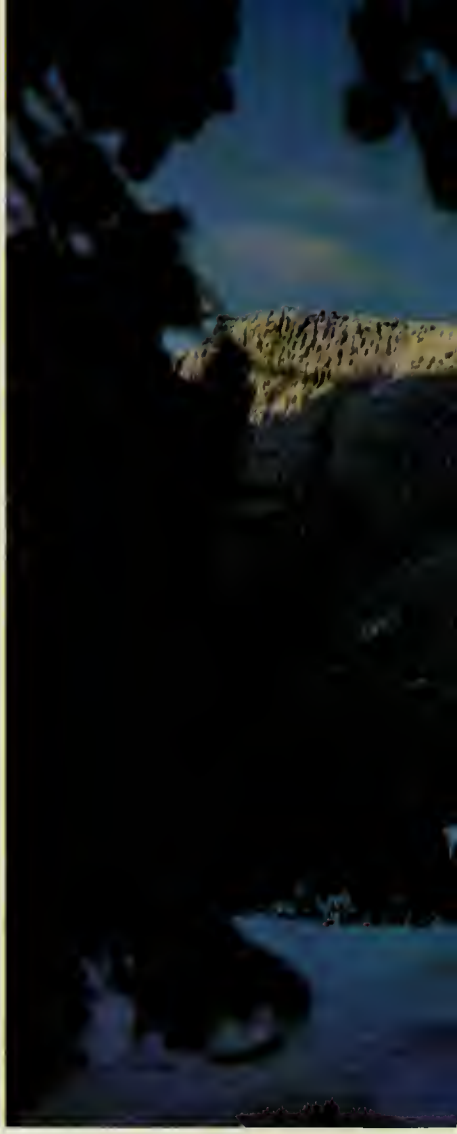
Bison: Mike Logan
Immature great horned owls: Allen Corneliusen

The Hunt

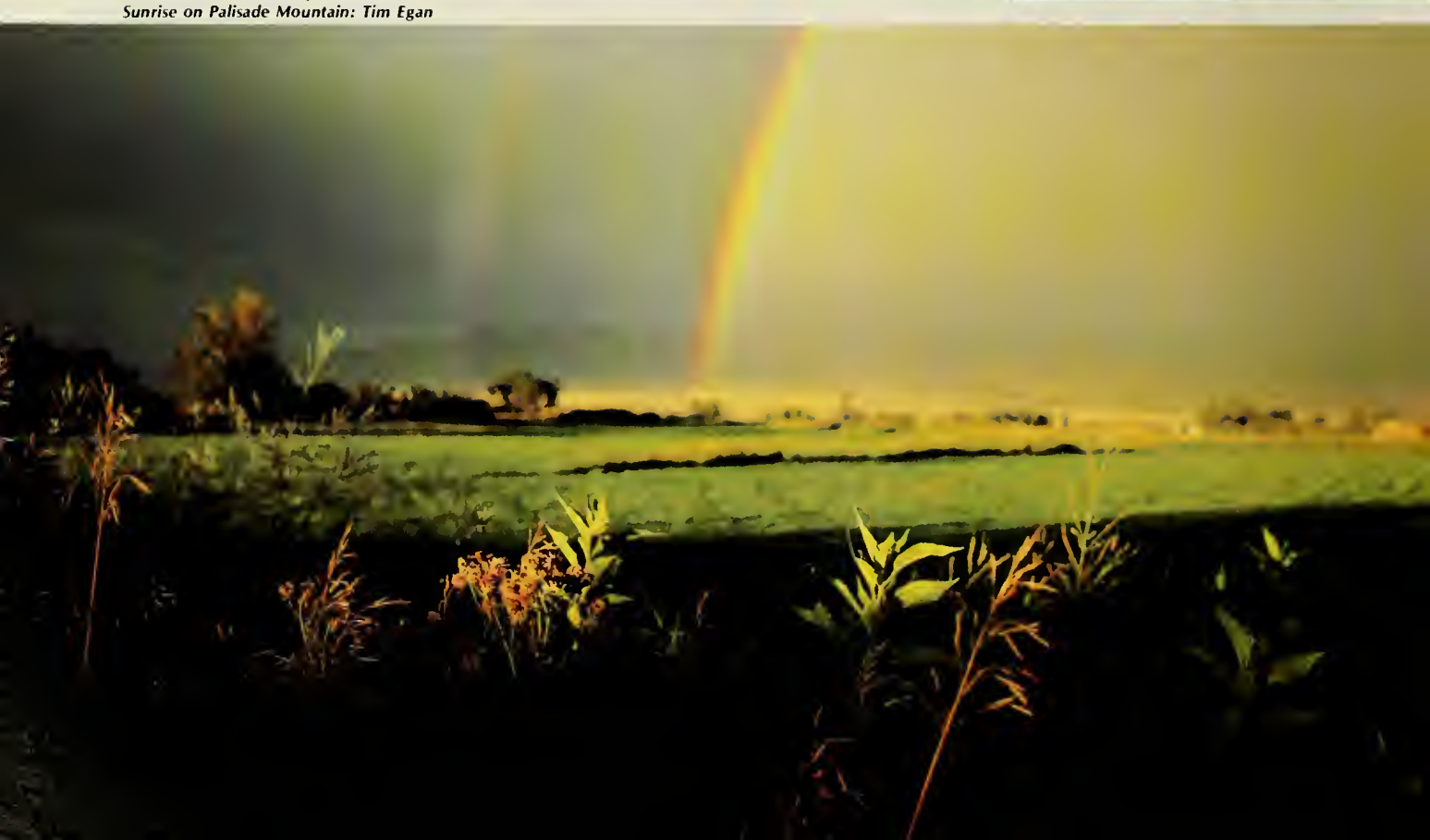
A fox flashes across the field
with his bright red tail to catch
a glimpse of. The small rabbit
runs for his life. The rabbit dashes
into his hole holding his breath.
A flaming paw reaches down
the hole. The rabbit is trapped.
Finally, the fox decides to find more
prey. The fox is a dart. He
must live by other creatures.
Rabbits are like targets.
They are the fox's aim.
Rabbits speak with fear
when the fox is present.

—Craig Chauna,
Chief Joseph Elementary,
Great Falls, 1979-80

Painted turtle: Gary D. Holmes
Red fox: Ron Shade
Bald eagle: Michael H. Francis



Double rainbow: Audrey Anderson
Sunrise on Palisade Mountain: Tim Egan



Untitled

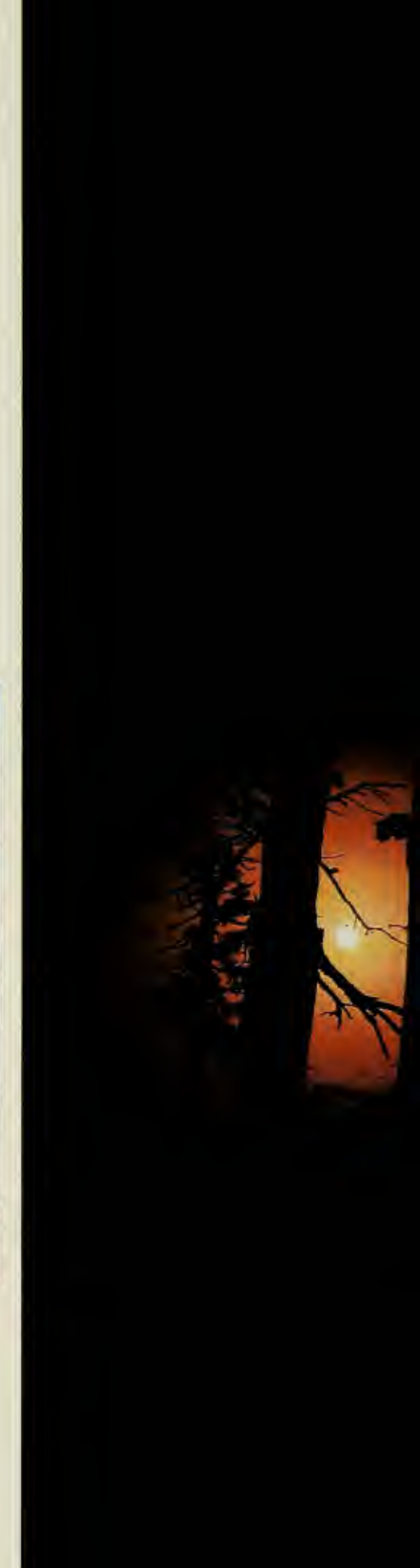
The butterflies danced in the sky
with colors borrowed from a rainbow.
Clouds floated lazily high above
the floor of the earth.
The morning sunlight ran down
fragile spider webs.
Dew-soaked grass stood on ends.
Streams played hums of falling crystal.
The woods were alive with eagerness
to start another day.

—Jill Cosgrove, Grade 6,
Clinton School, 1984

To the Sun

So what happened
to the freedom
of riding
riding on the back
of an illogical idea
that idea
simple as a dragon
that would take us
to the sun?
We could ride
our dragons
jump from star to star,
run in the sweet grass
from reality,
but it catches us
on our journey
to the sun.

—Cheryl Smith,
Belgrade High School, 1983-84



Brown-eyed Susans: Joyce Clarke Turvey
Sunset, Morrell Mountain: Craig Jourdonnais
Mallards: Louis M. Kis
Redhead ducklings: Tim Lucas

Spring, Come Back

Spring, come back
And pounce on winter
like a leopard on a tree stump
Spring, come back
Take the snow off the prairie
Off the new calves
Off the new lambs
Spring, come back
Let the bitterroots bloom
Let the baby birds hear
their parents' song
Let the children swim in sunshine
not in blue ice
Spring, come back

—Fifth Grade Collaborative,
Grandey School, Terry, 1983-84

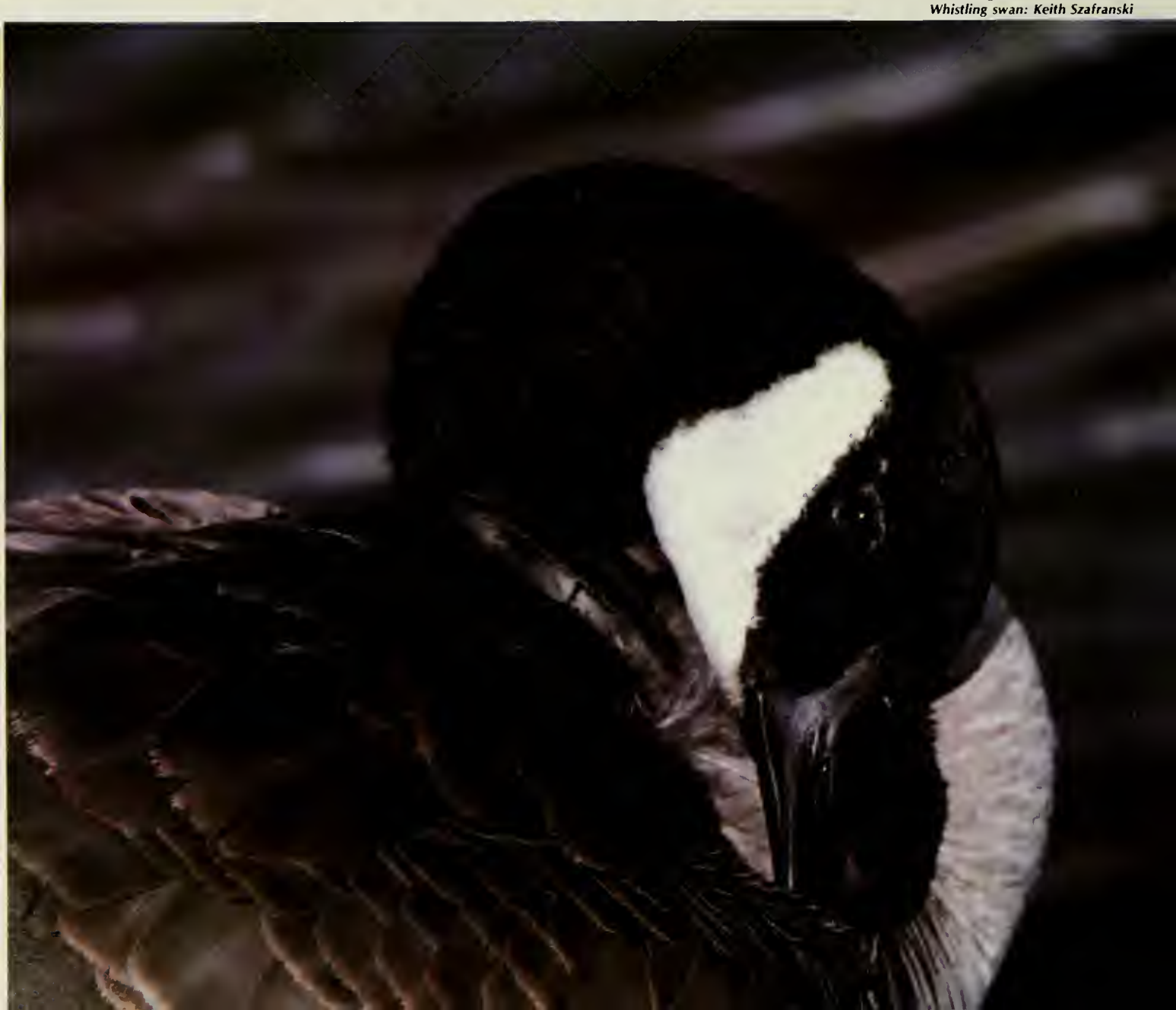
Lynx: Rick Bartel
Yellow lady's-slipper: Steve Wirt
Prairie falcon: Larry S. Thompson

Untitled

As rain fell with darkness
you could see the loneliness
move in upon the swans.

—Denice Pollotto,
Alternative Programs,
Great Falls, 1982-83

Canada goose: Keith Szafranski
Whistling swan: Keith Szafranski



Bighorn sheep: Tim Egan

Untitled

Painted rocks
elk herds, calendar signs
red marking
too far gone.
A small wind
to tell the story.

—Richard Burns,
Two Eagle River School,
Dixon, 1979-80

Cinnamon teal: Keith Szafranski
Marmot: Michael H. Francis
Pryor Mountains area: Larry S. Thompson

Lonely Discontent

Windows boarded up,
shutters clinging to their hinges,
shingles becoming loose and falling,
the chimney cracking and dropping bricks.
The house is gray and the weeds,
they are as gray as the house.

I lie in bed and listen,
the wind is blowing,
it is blowing through the house next door,
through the cracks in the side,
down the chimney and through the few broken windows.
A wailing sound it makes
announcing the house's discontent.

I think of its discontent.
It is because nothing haunts it,
except itself.
No spirits yell their presence.
It is sad, it's alone.
It is discontent.

—Drew Anderson, Shepherd High School, 1981-82

Pheasant feathers: Larry Dech
Homestead near Hysham: Larry Dech

Why Elks Have Horns

Long ago elk didn't have any horns.
One day Elk went to Tree.
Elk said to Tree, "I need some weapons."
Tree said, "Take two of my branches and hold them there for a month and then they will stay."
Elk did just that and he liked his horns.
And that's why elk have horns to this day.

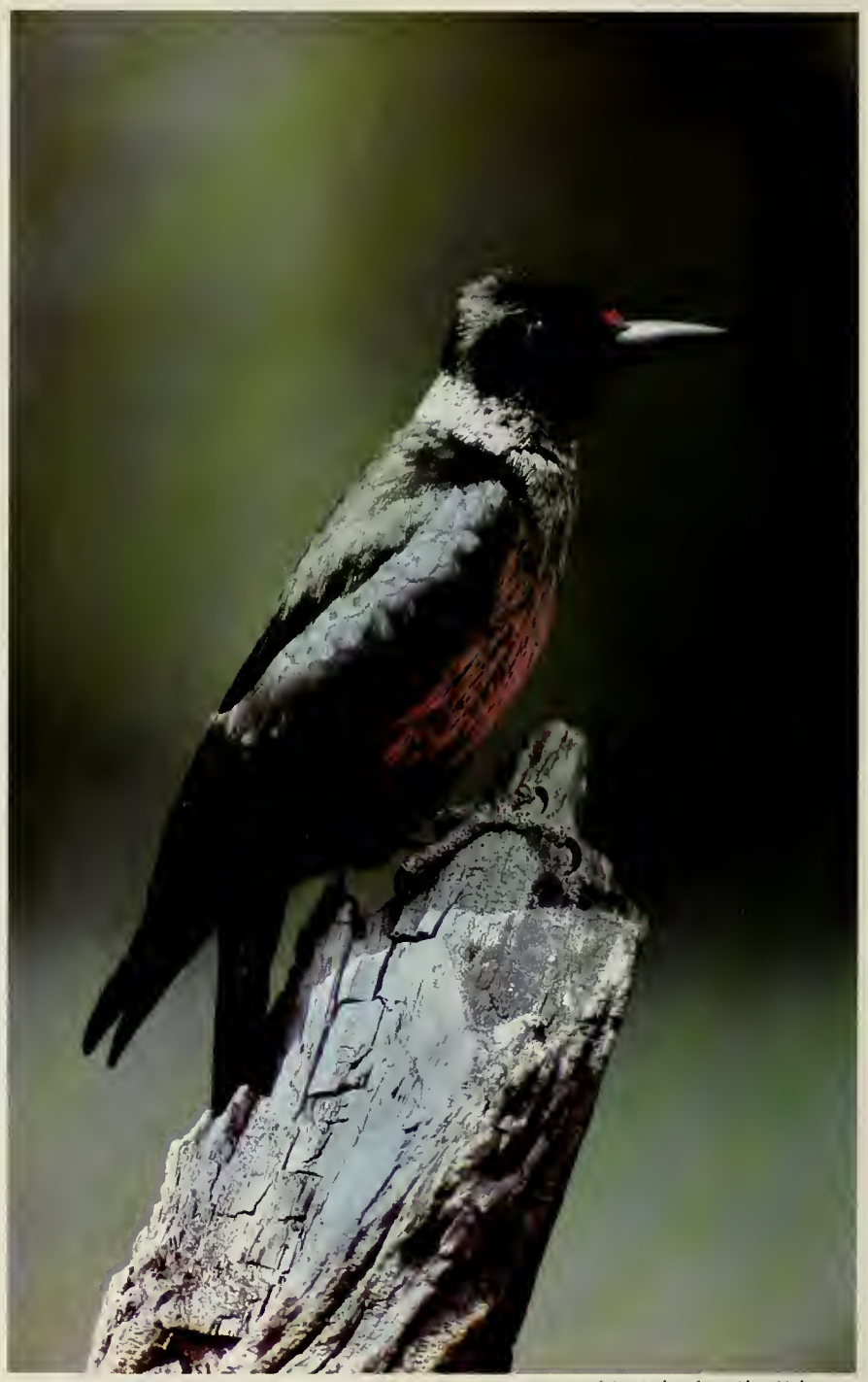
—Kyle Dale, Grade 2, Target Range School, Missoula, 1984

Bugling elk: Mike Logan
Grizzly bear: Michael H. Francis
Calliope hummingbird: Peter Kagan

A Bubbling Creek

On a sunny day
at dawn
I hear the chirping of birds, and
the rat-a-tat-tat of woodpeckers.
I see a lonely deer,
Some colorful flowers:
Pink, yellow, red and orange.
I will wade in the bubbling creek
on a long weekend.
I will be happy.

—Tracy Keefe, Grade 5,
Garrison Elementary, 1984



Lewis' woodpecker: Alan Nelson
Blue grouse: Ron Shade

Moose: Michael H. Francis
Black bear: Mike Logan
Trillium: Steve Wirt

Untitled

A petal is a blessing from a flower.
The stars are children for the moon.
A rainbow is a daughter for the sun.
Rain is a tear from the sky.

—Kara Ritzheimer, Grade 3, Prescott School, Missoula, 1984

Two Poems (#2)

The brown leaves listen
and sometimes laugh.
The wind blows through the trees.
This, a time when all is quiet,
when all stands silent,
when all lies silent.
When all waits, all listens.

—Virginia Mugford,
Chief Joseph Elementary,
Great Falls, 1979-80

Mule deer: Ron Shade
Bob Marshall Wilderness: Bob Cooney
Steller's jay: Neal and M.J. Mishler

Two Poems (#1)

The wind is someone's whistle.
It runs fast through the pines.
It carries the tune of a bluejay
Upon its invisible wings.
It carries the burden of coyotes
Who howl as the hunt begins.

—Virginia Mugford,
Chief Joseph Elementary,
Great Falls, 1979-80

Pronghorns, Electric Peak: Michael H. Francis
Ruffed grouse: Ron Shade
Coyote: Steve Gniadek

Apex Falls, Hyalite Creek: John Baltzer
American water-lily: Judy Hutchins

The Waterfall

The booming noise of the waterfall
Echoes among the mountains.
The foaming particles of the suds
Fill the air.
The waterfall's rapid water plunges
Into the lake.
And the water shimmers in to the
Light of the sun as it blares into
The crystalline lake.
Most of the water moves in every
Direction as the waterfall spills into
The lake.
And when all is calm by the waterfall,
It is a peaceful place.

—Brett Boyd, Grade 6,
Stevensville School, 1984

River otters: Ron Shade
Short-tailed weasel (summer): Ron Shade
Short-tailed weasel (winter): Mike Logan

Untitled

Nights are getting cold
Chill shivering days are raw
White snow is ice blue.

—Jennie Pendergast, Grade 5, Lone Rock School, Stevensville, 1984